WHYTEHEAD'S

POEMS

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POEMS.

BY THE REV.

THOMAS WHYTEHEAD, M.A.

FELLOW OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,

AND CHAPLAIN TO THE BISHOF OF NEW ZEALAND.

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CONTENTS.

		PAGE
I.	The Empire of the Sea	1
II.	The Death of the Duke of Gloucester	13
III.	To F. W. F.	25
IV.	"Thou wert the first of all I knew"	26
V.	Holy Baptism	28
VI.	For a Day of Penitence	29
VII.	To — — —	31
VIII.	To F. W. F.	32
IX.	To — — —	35
X.	To F. W. F.	36
XI.	Littlemore	37
XII.	"Deem not for lack of lance and waving crest"	41
XIII.	Namur	45
XIV.	Venice	47
XV.	Venice	48
XVI.	Malines	49
XVII.	Goldau	51

PAGE

XVIII. Heidelberg 54
XIX. St. Stephen's Day 58
XX. For E. and H. W.—A Hymn . . . 60
XXI. Freshwater, June, 1840 62
XXII. The Answer 65
XXIII. Pictures in a Friend's Room 68
XXIV. To a Spider 69
XXV. The Firmament 72
XXVI. The Feast of the Circumcision . . . 74
XXVII. Hymn at the Foot of the Cross . . . 75
XXVIII. The Restoration 84
XXIX. The Soul's Vestments 85
XXX. Freshwater, 1840 86
XXXI. "O death! thou keen, insulting enemy" . 87
XXXII. To — — 88
XXXIII. Hymns towards a Holy Week . . . 89

I.

THE EMPIRE OF THE SEA.

" Two Voices are there : one is of the Sea,
One of the Mountains ; each a mighty voice :
In both from age to age Thou didst rejoice,
They were thy chosen Music, Liberty !"

WORDSWORTH.

The Empire of the Sea.

Who hath not loved to turn his weary eye
On those twin deeps, the Ocean and the Sky?
To wing his soul from Earth, whose loveliest scene
Shows but the wreck of that which once has been,
—Where all of beauty, all of bliss, the flowers
That still grow wild amid her ruin'd bowers,
Spotless before, in this ungenial clime
Have caught the shades of woe, the hues of crime,—
To where Creation's mighty Firstborn stand,
Bright as they rose beneath Jehovah's hand?
Here by secluded lake, or lonely plain,
Where all should smile, and only Nature reign,
Still 'mid her haunts is War's red footprint seen,
On mouldering tower, or mound of ranker green,

And scarce the heather's purple robe can hide
The turf-grown camp upon the mountain's side.
But o'er thy breast, old Ocean, as the ray
Of the wing'd lightning darts in pathless play,
The gleam from Victory's crimson pinions shed
Just casts its passing shadow, and is fled,
Thy waves a moment sink beneath the stain,
Then glance unsullied into light again.
For one fierce hour the dark-prow'd battle roars,
And angry Ocean foams with glancing oars,
Loud thrills the death-shriek from the crowded deck,
Down the deep gulf as reels the staggering wreck;
Crash after crash the desperate onset tells,
And each black billow peals an hundred knells:—
Then sinks the scene to silence and to sleep,
While scarce a trophy floats upon the deep,
And nought is heard of all the tumult, save
The still low murmur of the unconscious wave.
But who shall weep the vanquish'd, who shall mark
Where vainly struggling sank the foundering bark?
What dirge shall wail the warriors of the sea,
And where's the grave shall shrine their memory?

Far, far beneath in princely tomb they lie,
The deep their sepulchre, their pall the sky,
Where the loud tempest sings their wild lament,
And the tall billow rears their monument.

Ye memory-peopled waters, ye whose shore
Sees Athens smile, and hears old Tiber roar,
Where lovely Venice like a drooping bride
Yet fondly gazes on her Adrian tide,
And Tyre looks down from her forsaken steep,
The Ariadne of the Syrian deep;
Still to the pilgrim of that classic ground,
Your haunted wave is tuneful with the sound
Of chiming Pæans, like the shell that rings
With the sea's unforgotten murmurings,
And Ocean's ancient Masters proudly rise
In long procession to his favour'd eyes.

First of the throng, with enterprising brow,
The keen Phœnician steers his shadowy prow;
To him, sole Hierarch of the secret main,
Had hoary Neptune shown his ancient reign,
And told of realms, and islands of the blest,
Beyond the fabled Pillars of the West.

The Tyrian mother with her boy would stand
On the wet margin of the shell-strewn sand,
Point his ancestral birth-right, bid him roam
O'er its wide plains, and call its waves his home;
Till Ocean loved him like a foster-child,
And Commerce on the bold adventurer smiled
As oft she saw his daring sail unfurl'd,
To found a Carthage, or explore a world.

With loftier look the Athenian eyes the main,
He plough'd its waves for Glory—not for Gain;
His less adventurous navies never swept
To where the unwaken'd isles of Ocean slept,
But a bright tract of living lustre show'd
Where the bold Greek had sped his glorious road,
And tyrants learnt the dangerous shores to shun,
Where Cimon rose, and Salamis was won.

Next of that stately train the Roman stands,
The crystal sceptre sparkling in his hands,
And binds the trophy of the vanquish'd West,
The Punic wreath, around his helmet-crest:
Yet didst thou never look on yonder tide,
Lord of the world, with half the Tyrian's pride;

Thou from thy field of fame, the battle-plain,
Didst gaze a conqueror on the conquer'd main;
'Twas but a realm to thee, to him the wave
The storm-rock'd cradle of his childhood gave,
He grew the nursling of the mighty Sea,
But thou, stern Rome,—the land-wolf suckled thee!

Now on that vision'd pageant seems to creep
A gathering cloud of shadows dark and deep,
Where Cross and Crescent, dimly mingling, gleam
Like the wild phantoms of a sick man's dream;
Till from the gloom emerging o'er the tide,
The lion-standard of Venetia's pride
Floats like a stately swan, when o'er the bay
Of some lone lake she cleaves her silent way,
Or oft asleep on its blue bosom lies,
White as a cloud becalm'd in summer skies:
For such wert thou, bright City of the Isles,
The favour'd Queen of Ocean's thousand smiles,
Till Cambray's royal vultures sought thy nest,
Pluck'd thy proud wings, and tore thy ruffled breast.—
—But see what giant visions crowding fast,
Rise in the moonlight of the shadowy Past,

Where through the mists of Time, a silent throng,
The ghosts of mighty Empires glide along.
Here, Lusia, towers thy Henry's princely form,
And Gama braves the Spirit of the Storm [1];
Proud with the homage of the Western main,
There stately floats the golden flag of Spain;
High on the prow Columbus seems to stand,
As first he gazed upon the rising land,
And eager bless'd its blue and slender bound,
Skirting the changeless Ocean's weary round:
So gleams the thirst-fired Arab's fading eye,
When his worn camel scents the fountain nigh,
And far against the brazen heaven he sees
The cool lone palm-tree waving in the breeze.

But fly, bright visions!—should Helvetia's child
Forsake his Alpine haunts, and pine-cliffs wild,
To seek in fair Italia's land of vines
Nature's stern throne, or Freedom's mountain shrines?
Should Grecian patriot leave his native sod
For holier ground than that Harmodius trod?

[1] See Camoëns' *Lusiad.*

Or England's son of Ocean's empire sing,
Nor ask of her to consecrate the string?
No, let me tune it where the white waves roar
Round some bold headland of my native shore,
When the dwarf oak upon its forehead bare
Flings to the racking winds its shaggy hair:
And as her cliffs roll back the bursting flood,
Tell how her Drake and high-born Howard stood,
When nations leagued to tear her island gem
From the bright front of Ocean's diadem.
For, God of Battles, at Thy dread command
The watchful waves kept sentry round our land,
And the grim Tempest stood o'er Albion's tide,
With the red lightning girded at his side,
Rush'd at Thy bidding on the invaded main,
And whelm'd the proud leviathans of Spain.

Bright Isle! on every shore, by every sea,
Have thy bold sons some trophy rear'd to thee;
From climes where Winter grasps the struggling wave
And chains it icebound in his silent cave,
Or sends his giant glaciers floating forth,
Like mighty navies, through the frozen North;

Far as those Indian seas, where night by night
The Star of Egypt[2] showers its saintly light,
And like the Moon's bright priestess seems to shine
'Mid Heaven's pale lamps, before her silver shrine.
Right o'er the Western wave thine Anson flew,
And thunder'd forth thy name to pale Peru;
Where first Columbus rear'd the flag of Spain,
Did gallant Rodney sweep it from the main;
And onward where the blue Pacific smiles
And sparkles 'mid its galaxy of isles,
Thine was the bark,—though dear the wreath was won,
When bold Discovery wept her murder'd son,—
Which cross'd the untrodden threshold of the seas
That chafe between those sunny Cyclades;
While fair Guiana claims a glance from Fame,
As proud to shrine thy Raleigh's injured name.
Oh! who on Rigi's pinnacle can stand,
And look from such a throne o'er such a land,

[2] The brilliant star Canopus. See Moore's *Lalla Rookh*, p. 219.

Where mountain, lake, and river round him lie,
And sparkling snow-peaks mingle with the sky,
All crowding in upon his loaded gaze,
Nor feel bewilder'd in the dazzling maze?
So when in thought my wide-spread course I shape
From the dark Baltic to Saint Vincent's Cape,
Or where the thunder-cloud of Nelson's war
On Gaul's proud eagle burst at Trafalgar,
And on to glorious Acre, and the scene
Where gallant Exmouth quell'd the Algerine;
Forgive, ye deathless spirits of the brave,
That haunt each shore, and "start from every wave,"
If, while I gaze on glories so divine,
The faint notes tremble on a lyre like mine,
And Fancy's waxen wings, that bore my flight,
Melt in the sunshine of a theme so bright?
Yet,—as the pibroch's war-note wild and clear
Best wakes the soul of Albyn's mountaineer,
While at its thrilling sound his memory glows
With the proud names of Douglas and Montrose,—
The minstrel's numbers, whose untutor'd lyre
Is tuned, though feebly, to your deeds of fire,

Shall find in secret hearts a silent string,
Whose wakening life-notes at that theme shall ring,
And rouse the slumbering spirit into flame,
That had not kindled but at NELSON's name.

II.

THE

DEATH OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE

DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.

The Death of His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester.

1835.

Angel of Death! where'er thy flight be sped,
To courtly canopy or dungeon-bed;
Where'er 'mid bursting sobs or silent gloom
Thy noiseless footsteps haunt the sick-man's room;
Whether thou lov'st to veil thy awful form
In the dark mantle of the reveling storm,
Or in the unsuspected breeze to guide
The bounding vessel to the whirlpool's tide;
Spirit of might! hath earth or heaven a balm
The last dread struggle of the soul to calm,
That lingers still unwilling to depart
From the regretted form and failing heart,
And clasps the chains that to her hold engage
The loved companion of her pilgrimage?

As the bright drop that in the flower-cup lies
Melts half-reluctant to its native skies.

Can Nature lend her glimmering light to cheer
Her fainting prophet in that hour of fear?
See where he lies beneath the banyan's shade,
The hoary Druid of the Indian glade;
With wilder'd gaze he turns his restless eye
From the dark Veda's scroll of mystery,
The heaven's blue clearness is around him spread,
The silver'd leaves are twinkling o'er his head;
Sure in so fair a page no eye might read
Such mystic symbols, and so dark a creed!
In the broad censer [1] unobserved has died
The sacred flame that flicker'd at his side,
While nearer still death's deepening shadows roll,
And close unbroken round the Brahmin's soul.

Genius of Ancient Rome! thy voice could tell
How thy stern Decii and thy Scipios fell,

[1] "A Brahmin when desirous of spending his last days, according to the order of his sacred books, in the contemplation of the Deity, carries into the woods with him his Veda, and the holy fire, which he keeps alive as ong as he has strength to watch it."—*Encycl. Metropol.*

How hearts that shrank in calmer mood away
From the chill thought of silent slow decay,
When the wild joy of boisterous battle woke,
Rush'd on grim death ambitious of the stroke;
As the proud eagle[2] pants in vain to rise
On broad-spread pinions thro' the breathless skies,
But springs in triumph when the calm be past,
Screams in the storm, and rides the mountain blast.

Ah! not for them had Mercy's tranquil ray
Chased the dark horrors of the grave away!
No rude-carved record o'er the hillock's breast
Told the bright hope that soothed the slumberer's rest;
No spring-flowers budding from the funeral ground
Whisper'd their still "Resurgam" all around;
But one cold shroud of unrelenting gloom
Curtain'd the silent chambers of the tomb.—
—Oh! it is bitter on the briny main,
When the fierce death-thirst burns through every vein,

[2] I have heard from the shepherds of Glenorchy, Argyleshire, that the eagles are at times caught becalmed on the hills, there not being sufficient wind to allow them to rise.

To watch the mocking waves pursue the ship,
And die of thirst while they invite the lip!
But keener far the death-pang of dismay,
Where the loud Atheist struggles to be gay,
When the blest balms[3] that bloom around so fair
But fire his wound, and madden his despair;
See! the first horrors of *that* world have birth,
And meet and mingle with the last of earth!
While, as his anguish'd spirit writhes for rest,
The secret chain draws faster round his breast,
As rock-pent torrents deepen as they rage
The channel'd dungeon of their stony cage.

Sweet exile from this dark unhallow'd ground,
Where may thy footsteps, gentle Peace, be found?
Say, dost thou love by yonder scenes to stay,
Where Resignation breathes her soul away,
And hopes to mortal hearts in mercy given
Wake in each brightening tear the hues of heaven?

[3] *τὰ μὲν γὰρ ἐκ γῆς δυσφρόνων μειλίγματα*
βροτοῖς, πιφαύσκων εἶπε τάσδε νῷν νόσους.
(Choeph. Scholefield.)

Domestic Love! I see thee gliding bright
Through the dark cloud that seeks to veil thy light,
And like some guardian spirit from the skies
Bend o'er the couch where princely Gloucester lies,
Drinking with anxious ear the low-drawn breath
As calm he slumbers in the lap of death;
While the wing'd soul, impatient of her stay,
Far into opening visions soars away,
Till scarce her ken this dwindling world can see
On the wide chart of vast Eternity.

Calm was the Sunday eve[4], Saint Mary's bell
To the blest day had flung its last farewell,
And thoughts of sadness claiming sweet control
Crept with the hues of evening o'er the soul,
Wandering that hour of mystery to explore
When the fair landscape shall delight no more,
But other eyes on such a sunset raised,
Feel as we felt, and gaze where we have gazed.
Hark! 'twas the death-bell's voice whose iron tongue
Broke the deep spell that o'er my spirit hung:

[4] He expired on the evening of Sunday, Nov. 30, 1835.

'Twas Gloucester's knell! how spreads the mournful tale,
Peals from each tower, and floats on every gale?
The veteran soldier [5] starting at the sound,
In his far home, shall hear it circling round,
And with dimm'd eye, in melancholy pride,
Shall tell of battles fought by Gloucester's side,
While e'en the children hush their noisy game,
And learn to weep at good Prince William's name.
Seize the bold pencil, let the portrait live
With all the glow a Pindar's hand could give,
And paint in burning colours bright and free
All that a Patriot and a Prince should be!
Paint the warm heart on noblest aims intent,
By courts unsullied and by threats unbent,
Where Envy's serpent eye can find no stain,
And Flattery tries her Syren voice in vain,
Let Learning's walls beneath his smile ascend,
And Worth neglected find at length a friend,

[5] This allusion refers to the Duke's being actively engaged in the Dutch war in 1794, when Prince William of Gloucester.

Trace but the outline of that princely breast,
And weeping England shall supply the rest.

There is a grandeur in a Nation's tears,
When every heart one common burthen bears;
'Tis not the Sorrow whose obtrusive glare
Bursts in wild grief, or smoulders in despair;
'Tis one majestic gloom that reigns around,
Dims every eye, and saddens every sound,
A silent surface of unruffled woe
That tells the depth of feeling hid below.

Such were the tears that generous Athens shed [6]
O'er patriot chiefs, and sons untimely dead,
As from her gates along the crowded road
Weeping she pass'd to valour's last abode;
While in the race of glory, sire to son
The torch pass'd onward as his course was done [7],
Then sank contented with the meed she gave,
The sacred honours of a Soldier's grave.

So grateful Science o'er the marble weeps
Where her loved Granta's good Mæcenas sleeps:

[6] See the splendid description of an Athenian Funeral and the Ceramicus, *Thucyd.* ii. 34.

[7] For the race of the λαμπαδοφορία, see *Lucret.* ii. 71.

Oh, might her tears his silent guerdon be,
And fall like dews around his memory!
Had he but perish'd when in Youth's bright hours
With blameless step he trod her classic bowers,
And while she gazed with all a mother's pride,
The princely flower had languish'd, droop'd, and died,
Yet had she wept, and bade her praises bloom
Like funeral garlands o'er his early tomb:
But when he sank as Autumn suns to rest,
And years had bound him to her grateful breast,
Hers shall be grief more sacred and more deep,
Tears such as orphans o'er a parent weep,
And the pale Muse to deck his grave unbind
The wreath that round her youthful brows he twined [8],
While Learning's pious hand enrols his fame
By royal Henry's side, and Margaret's saintly name.
But who shall clear the gloom from Granta's brow,
And which of all her sons shall shield her now?

[8] The Chancellor's English Medal was first established by the late Duke.

To guard her charter'd rights unshrinking stand,
And earn the laurel from her grateful hand?
——Here to Thy feet she turns with bended knee,
And, generous CAMDEN, rests her eyes on Thee!
Past is the cloud, and dried the holy tear
That England shed around her Prince's bier:
Favour'd of Heaven, that like a halcyon's nest
Securely slumberest on the Ocean's breast,
Where Freedom breathes her incense all around
Like a sweet wild-flower in its native ground,
Thine are the sons thy treasured hearths inspire,
In peace all softness, but in flight all fire,
That met bare-bosom'd on thy heights, La Haye,
The cuirass'd might of Gallia's proud array,
Sprang to the charge, as waved their Leader's hand,
And worthy proved of WELLINGTON'S command.
And if the sympathies of earth can move
The sacred ardour of a spirit's love,
If the pure censer of celestial bliss
Hold aught of fondness for a world like this,
Is there an orb of all the clusters bright
That pour their splendour o'er the vault of night,

Whose lovelier gem upon the spangled sky
Outshines his native star in Gloucester's eye,
Or charms away one tributary smile
From the loved precincts of his own bright Isle?

III.

To F. W. F.

Rememberest thou those few unearthly hours
In Esthwaite vale? My soul lay hushed and bare
To thoughts that disentranced the slumbering powers
Of its most hidden affections: feelings there
Came like the breeze that stirr'd but did not break
The sleeping stillness of that molten lake
With breeze-like visitations, everywhere
Leaving a tremulous lustre in their wake.
Come then, for thou hast found its entrance, share
The soul that since to thee hath open lain.
'Tis but a homely garden of few flowers,
Some too, my brother, cherish'd much and rare,
Of thine own planting. Sainted spirits twain [1],
Whose loves once hallowed Pontus, smile on ours!

Ambleside, 1837.

[1] Saints Basil and Gregory.

IV.

For Music.

TUNE—"Canst thou forget?" Dr. Callcott.

I.

THOU wert the first of all I knew
To pass unto the dead,
And Paradise hath seem'd more true,
And come down closer to my view,
Since there thy presence fled.

II.

The whispers of thy gentle soul
At silent lonely hours,
Like some sweet saint-bell's distant toll,
Come o'er the waters as they roll
Betwixt thy world and ours.

III.

Oh! still my spirit clings to thee,
And feels thee at my side;
Like a green ivy, when the tree
Its shoots had clasp'd so lovingly
Within its arms hath died:

IV.

And ever round that lifeless thing
Where first their clusters grew,
Close as while yet it lived they cling,
And shrine it in a second spring
Of lustre dark and new.

Ambleside, August, 1837.

V.

Holy Baptism.

I DWELT among the deep and yearning hills,
In a lone hermitage, where all around,
Though far from mountain pool or gushing rills,
Grew strange bright flowers from out the thirsty ground,
That made me marvel as I pass'd them by,
For all the year their freshness stayed the same;
And I thank'd God, but knew not whence it came
That thus they lived where all seem'd dead and dry.
There by a keen-eyed friend I late was found,
To whom I told my dwelling's mystery;
He smiled, and led me where the gurgling sound
Of hidden waters oft perplex'd mine eye,
And there a secret fountain I espied,
And, glass'd therein, a Cross stood planted by its side.

Ambleside, 1837.

VI.

For a Day of Penitence.

— διὰ τῆς ἀγάπης τοῦ Πνεύματος. Ep. ad Rom.

I.

Stay, grieved One, stay !
I have opened to strangers the sacred cell
Of the spirit where Thou didst deign to dwell,—
But leave me not lone to-day.

II.

Return, dread Guest !
Oh ! enter the threshold that yet doth bear
The holy Cross that was sculptured there
When the Master the mansion blest.

III.

'Tis with me still,
Though the sign be dimm'd and its freshness gone ;
—And I trust in His grace who died thereon
To shield me from mortal ill.

IV.

Then bless me now!
Thou that wert by at that solemn hour
When the holy priest by Thine awful power
First traced it upon my brow!

V.

Send still Thine aid!
Till asleep on the lap of the Church I may fall,
And start from the dust at the trumpet-call
In the might of that symbol arrayed!

Ambleside, Sept. 1837.

VII.

To — — —.

The springs of silent thought and purpose high
Rise at our boyhood's threshold; let us drink
Deep ere we quit them, and life's sultry sky
Have stolen their freshness. It were hard to think
Of youth departed, like a thriftless stream
That minded not amid its native hills
To hoard deep waters from those secret rills
Which gurgling through the mountain mosses gleam,
Nor with their full-brimm'd runnels sought to link
Its own too scanty course,—till all are past,
And nought can now its heedless haste redeem:
So in one shallow brook it ends at last
Its feeble voiceless waters, that can claim
Of the vale's simple records scarce a name.

Ambleside, July, 1837.

VIII.

To F. W. F.

ON LEAVING AMBLESIDE.

χαῖρ' Ἀρέθοισα,
καὶ ποταμοὶ, τοὶ χεῖτε καλὸν κατὰ Θύμβριδος ὕδωρ.

I.

The lake hath called unto the river
And the river unto the hill,
And down the headlong waters shiver
From torrent, tarn, and gill;
I hear them cry all glancing by
Through the misty morning light;
"Thou hast seen us in our gentleness,
Now see us in our might."

II.

And, Rothay, thou the loudest there
Dost tell my time is past;
I may not see thee thus forswear
The gentle thing thou wast.

Type of all tranquil souls to me
Was that calm course of thine;
Then let thy mood of strength be viewed
By other eyes than mine.

III.

Dear friend, of blessed by-gone time
Each stirring thought is telling,
And every crag we used to climb
Is some sweet memory's dwelling;
But chief, where Brathay dashes by
Those Church-crowned lonely scars,
Our walks beneath the moonless sky
And the unherded stars.

IV.

Rivers there are to me that talk
Of many a darling tale;
Old Ouse that chaunts of mitred York
And Wharfe of Bolton vale;

But none may learn a song so sweet
Where'er their waters wander,
As those two brother streams that meet
In thy calm home, Winander.

Ambleside, Sept. 1837.

IX.

To — — —.

I saw a glorious City, girded round
With tented foes in motley bands outspread,
And from the walks arose a chaunt-like sound
Of proud old sons that timed the sentry's tread:
But one paced silent on the battlement,
For home or heritage he there had none;
He was an alien, and his strength had spent
In strangers' wars.—Dear friend, the hour draws on
When thou upon the ancient walls must stand
Of God's beleaguer'd Church: then here enshrine
Thy heart's best treasure, and in her calm land
Build thee a home of hopes and thoughts divine,
And bind self-mastery round thee like the ring
Whose iron cincture girt the Scottish King.

Keswick, 1838.

X.

To F. W. F.

A sound of Church-bells on a working day,
A Cross amidst a crowded market-place,
That, like a benediction, seems to lay
On all that restless throng a spell of grace;
E'en such, sweet friend, hath been the thought of thee,
When heavy on my heart the world hath leant:
We were two solitary barks at sea,
That on strange waters touch'd, and found we went
Each to the same far land; and though we be
Long out of sight, like chance companions parted,
Across the drear world drifting lonelily,
Yet ne'er again can we be lonely-hearted;
For the sweet hope shall haunt us ever more
Of pacing hand in hand along the eternal shore.

Keswick, 1838.

XI.

Littlemore.

'Twas Whitsuntide, and Monday's sun stood halfway
down the skies,
And Oxford spires, upshooting bright, burn'd like a
sacrifice ;
I came unto a village-church, in a green burial-ground
Where pious hands had planted trees of holy mean-
ing round ;
The cedar to the sycamore its dusky flakes outthrew
In memory of Mount Lebanon, and of that lowly
Jew
Who climb'd to see as Jesus past ; around, the
hamlet lay,
As if within the sheep-bell's call that little flock
would stay :
For day by day the chapel-bell did summon them to
prayer,
And hearts that loved the summons well, of gentle
mould, were there.

The dame is at her cottage-door, the child is out at play,
And every soul in Littlemore keeps joyful holiday.
It is a time that Christian lands to peaceful mirth have given,
For holy Church loves quiet rest for thought of rest in Heaven.
Past is the hour of evening prayer, then wherefore from within
Come sounds as of sweet voices forth, and an organ's solemn din?
Is it the Angel of the place, in solitary song,
Like those that on the mountain-tops sing anthems all day long
'Mid shrill winds and the vapours in their rainbow-haunted throng?
Or is it that the souls of those beneath the Altar laid,
In such blest tone sing loud and lone, as holy John hath said?
Fast is the door, the strain goes on, unaudienced though it be,
Like all those lovely things that are where none is there to see;

At length one open'd at my call;—it was a sight of grace,
That met me by the Altar-rail within that holy place;
For there before an organ stood the little lonely quire,
A mother and three village youths in holiday attire,
And two from out one psalm-book sang unto the other playing
With reverent look, as they to God a solemn thing were saying.
She too, I guess her heart is full, as at their side she stands,
With eyes upon the pavement fix'd, and lowly-claspèd hands,
Her meek voice mingles with the psalm, glad mother of the three,
But sure her soul is blessing God for that fair company;
For they have left the village green, those comely youths and tall,
To close within the quiet Church their summer festival;

And thus to join the Sunday quire they tune their
voices clear:
Long blest ones, long shall your sweet song be
ringing in mine ear.

XII.

"When the hermit and Ysaie, by order of Merlin, had proceeded to the hermitage of Sir Lancelot du Sae and found that he was dead, and by advice of the dwarf Irone, when they had repaired to his tomb, the marble slab which covered the body of the warrior being raised, the hermit dubbed Ysaie a Knight with the right arm of the skeleton."—YSAIE LE TRIESTE.

DEEM not for lack of lance and waving crest
That chivalry hath departed; though the brow
Show where the deep-worn lines of thought have prest,
Not the tight clasping of the helmet now;
And skirt of steel be changed for studious vest;—
Still doth the old heart live, whose knightly vow
Did once with lofty deeds the world endow,
And dignity on meanest things imprest.
Are not the dead around thee? is not thine
The past as an inheritance to stir
High memories in thee, which thy blood may warm?
And lives not fiction, truth's romantic shrine,
Whence Arthur's self thou mayest unsepulchre,
And take thy knighthood from his skeleton arm?

WRITTEN DURING A TOUR.

1839.

XIII.

Namur.

May 30.

I.

What dost thou so young, fair maiden,
With that convent veil?
Sorrow must have early laden
That brow so sad and pale.
What grief has made thee weary
Of this earth so soon?
The morn, bethink thee, may be dreary,
But all be bright at noon.

II.

Of the world thou leavest
Little hast thou known,
How the grave of what thou grievest
Will soon be overgrown:
And *then* I fear for thee, lest thou
With other eyes survey
The cloister and its lonesome vow,
And the world thou hast cast away.

III.

That warm gush of kisses
On thy brother pour'd,
Told it thee not what springs of blisses
In saddest hearts are stored?
How every hope of ours,
And every joy that dies,
Sheds first the seeds for other flowers
Of brighter leaf to rise.

IV.

Peace be to thee! nor in sadness
May thy soul awake
To the beauty and the gladness
Of the world thou dost forsake!
And if with spirit calm and holy
Thou tread this quiet shrine,
Maiden, 'twill not be melancholy
To such a heart as thine.

XIV.

Venice.

Now have I seen the magic city rest
Like a fair fleet at anchor on the sea;
And all that ever yet my dreams have blest
Of strange Arabian palaces, and thee,
Granada, wondrous city of the Moor,
Hath this one night outdone, and left them poor.
That proud old square, where corridor and dome,
With marbles bright and rich mosaicks gleam'd,
And its tall minaret-tower, I might have deem'd
Some Paynim Soldan's gorgeous dizen'd home;
So all unlike our Western world it seem'd,
Where'er from sea to sky the eye might roam:
Yet 'twas a Christian City, where did dwell
Those king-like knights that quell'd the infidel.

August 16.

XV.

Venice.

The city sleeps like an enchanted queen
Whose heart a hundred years a trance hath bound.
Still bright and lovely as her youth hath been,
The while her palace-walls are crumbling round:
And like a green-coil'd dragon at her feet
For her good guardian set, the faithful sea
Looks up into her eyes as if to greet
The first ray of awakening life; but she
Unconscious on her marble chair sleeps on,
A pale majestic maiden, all alone;
For warriors, princes, senators are gone,
All save the watcher coil'd around her throne:
Her mouldering halls are silent evermore,
And yet she is an empress as before.

August 16.

XVI.

Malines.

Beautiful city! there doth rest
An image on my soul so blest
Of thy old streets and quiet halls,
Thy gabled roofs, and garden-walls
That on the moats beneath in showers
Fling their fast-falling lilac flowers,
I dare not visit thee again:
Perchance the lovely dream would break,
And I in this dark world should wake,
And that were grief and pain.
I will not go; but thou to me
A city of the sky shall be,

Seen in the evening clouds :
And when shall come my weary days,
On that sweet vision I will gaze,
Like a sailor from the shrouds
On some green isle : though scarce an hour I stay'd
Where o'er the square there lay thy tall cathedral's
shade.

Antwerp, May 25.

XVII.

Goldau,

As seen from the Righi.

I.

Some gentle souls have sigh'd to think
That they by all around
So quickly shall forgotten be,
And all things smile as cheerfully
When they lie under-ground.

II.

And they have wish'd that earth for them
A mother's tears should weep,
Nor fill so soon there empty place,
But wear a sudden tenderer face
Where her lost children sleep.

III.

Then let them gaze on Goldau's vale,
Where nature in her woe
Sits desolate beside the dead,
Refusing to be comforted
For those that lie below.

IV.

We saw her spread the evening mists
Above them like a pall:
And she had scatter'd flowers among
The giant tomb-stones that were flung
From that dread mountain-fall.

V.

Poor villagers, we wept for you,
By your own hills betrayed:
And sweet it was our eyes to turn
To where thy lovely lake, Lucerne,
The holy symbol made.

VI.

For there it gleam'd, a silver Cross,
Down in the twilight vale ;
And we did bless the sacred sign
That told of life and hope divine
When the mighty hills shall fail.

July 8.

XVIII.

Heidelberg.

I.

I ROAM'D through many a city proud
That crowns old Rhine's historic plain,
A pilgrimage my heart had vow'd
Long time to royal Carlomain.

II.

And things whereof my youth had dream'd
Were given unto my eager sight;
Some brighter than my thoughts had deem'd,
And some that scarcely seem'd so bright.

III.

And now, for I was all alone,
My English heart was homeward turning,
When by a gate of sculptured stone
I sate me down one sunny morning.

IV.

It led into a garden bright
Within a roofless castle's bound,
Whose silent halls and towers of might
Girded a mossy terrace round;

V.

And kings did from their niches look,
And I, their dwellings' lonely ranger,
The sadness of the scene partook,
And felt me desolate and a stranger.

VI.

In such low mood, it chanced I gazed
Where o'er the arch a tablet saith,
How Frederic had that garden raised
For his young bride Elizabeth [1].

[1] "Fredericus Elizabethæ conjugi carissimæ:"—the inscription over the garden archway of that part of the castle

VII.

That name had sacred powers to wake
Such thoughts in me as could none other,
If 'twere but for the honour'd sake
Of her and of her martyr'd brother:

VIII.

For she was child of England's king;
And to her home beyond the water
A high-enduring soul did bring,
As might beseem a Stuart's daughter.

IX.

And many an uncomplaining year
She bore her heritage of woes:
But 'twas more dear a memory yet
Which at that name's sweet bidding rose.

called The English Palace, built by the Elector Frederic for the Princess Elizabeth.

X.

Thou gentle soul, so early gone!
'Twas thou didst look upon me then,
And I was glad I was alone,
A wanderer among foreign men.

"Heu quanto minus est cum reliquis versari, quam tui meminisse!"

June 6, 1839.

XIX.

St. Stephen's Day, 1839.

I.

Bishop of my soul! to Thee
Let thy new-sent Deacon flee,
When his fears press heavily:

II.

On my head have hands been laid,
Charge been given, and vows been made,
And my spirit is affray'd.

III.

Give me, Lord, a soul of prayer,
Ghostly strength, Thy trust to bear,
And wrestle with the powers of air.

IV.

Give me courage, wisdom, might,
And let Thy Spirit, Fount of Light,
Urge and aid my inward sight.

v.

Open Thou, O Lord, mine eyes,
That into view, without disguise,
Things invisible may rise.

vi.

Thou, whom angel-faced Saint Stephen
Saw behind the open'd heaven,
Hear a follower of the seven !

vii.

Keep me faithful to that day
When I from here shall pass away,
And Christ receive my soul for aye.

XX.

For E. and H. W.

HYMN.

I.

The glittering grass, with dewstars bright,
Is all astir with twinkling light ;
What pity such a fair array
So soon is meant to melt away !

II.

Yet hath God given those drops a power
To raise the grass and cheer the flower.
All the hot noon their grace shall bide,
And fresh shall fall at eventide.

III.

So day by day, O Lord, renew
The grace of my baptismal dew :
Let its sweet power be with me now,
As when it sparkled on my brow.

IV.

And evermore that gift bestow,
While in Thy garden here I grow;
That still to heaven my growth may tend,
From whence those blessed dews descend.

Brightstone, August, 1840.

XXI.

Freshwater.

June, 1840.

I.

Mine own dear people, whom the Lord
  Unto my care hath given,
To feed with His most Holy Word,
  And guide you up to Heaven ;

II.

Short time ago I oft had plann'd
  How joyous it would be
To ramble where your tall cliffs stand
  High o'er the sunny sea ;

III.

Or through the shadowy coppice-wood
  My lonely way to keep,
And with earth's brightest forms to take
  Communion still and deep.

IV.

But now my steps I gladlier bend,
Your cottage homes to seek;
And of the inner life ye spend,
In solemn converse speak:

V.

For I have learnt in human hearts
A deeper mystery lies,
Than e'en this wondrous earth imparts,
Or dwells in sea or skies.

VI.

A thousand impulses divine,
And feelings unconfest,
Have gone to mould the soul whose shrine
Is the rude fisher's breast.

VII.

Each has a being all his own,
And thought which none but he
Has ever thought, and which alone
He can impart to me.

VIII.

And within each a fount doth flow
From life's eternal springs;
Then why for lofty converse go
To mute and soulless things?

XXII.

The Answer.

I.

Ye breezy downs, and headlands gray,
Forgive my hasty song ;
A voice has whisper'd me to-day
That I have done you wrong.

II.

My people's ancient friends are ye,
Whose old familiar face
They ever have been used to see
Around their dwelling-place :

III.

And all their life, they know not why,
Does on their hearts the power
Of that unchanging presence lie,
That meets them every hour.

IV.

Ye have a voice that unto each,
Although they little deem,
Has day by day been uttering speech
Of deepest holiest theme.

V.

And many a one has lived to look,
From childhood up to age,
On nought in all Creation's book
Save on your single page.

VI.

Then would I know my people well,
Their inmost souls discern,
I too must in that presence dwell,
And that same language learn :

VII.

I oft must walk where they have walk'd,
These cliffs and coves among,
And catch the still voice that has talk'd
Unto their souls so long.

VIII.

So shall we like one household feel
Who see the same friends' faces
Together all their lives, and kneel
In the same old Church-places.

XXIII.

Pictures in a Friend's Room.

THERE hung upon the walls,
Whereon his eyes would rest at intervals,
A few choice pictures; here on reverent knee
Was offering of her flowers Saint Amelie;
And there an infant Christ, in desert wild,
Gave high commission to the marvellous Child
That knelt before them, Mary looking on:
And next unto an angel-faced Saint John,
The martyr king with calm-complaining eye
Look'd forth from out a frame of ebony.

University College, Oxford.

XXIV.

To a Spider.

I.

Patient creature, sitting there,
Fisher of the deep-blue air,
With thy net of filing twine,
Stretch'd upon my cottage-vine,
Sure a quiet heart is thine!

II.

I have watch'd thee there this hour
In thy secret leafy bower;
All the while a single fly
Has not flown thy meshes by,—
They are empty, night is nigh.

III.

Yet thou lonesome thing, for thee
Few have thought, or sympathy
Where thy scanty food to get,
Thou that weary watch dost set
By thy solitary net.

IV.

Thou, as God has given thee skill,
Dost thy humble task fulfil,
Busy at thy lines outspread,
Mending up each broken thread;
Thus thy little life is led.

V.

Yet belike some idler's hand,
Who nature cannot understand,
As in pity for thy prey,
All thy toil for many a day
At one stroke will sweep away.

VI.

Shame upon the delicate sense
That at thee would take offence!
Thus, some passing qualm to smother,
Oft will man too treat his brother,
Wronging one to right another.

VII.

Oh, how selfish and unsound
Such sensibility is found!
Few there are of those, I trow,
Who such tender hearts avow,
Half as innocent as thou.

XXV.

The Firmament.

I.

Floods of waters high in air
The strong firmament doth bear,
  Whence day by day the dew and rain
  Fall upon the thirsty plain,
  And mount to heaven back again.

II.

Emblem of the grace in store
In Thy blest Presence evermore,
  That on lowly hearts and true
  Descending like the silent dew,
  Still to its fountain mounts anew.

III.

Be it, Lord, for ever ours
Daily to drink those holy showers,
  That deep within our souls may lie
  A well of waters never dry
  Springing up to heaven most high.

IV.

So to thee the Spirit's giver,
Fount of life's eternal river,
Bear we all our earthly days,
Biding in His quiet ways,
Fruit of love and holy praise.

V.

Thou who tookest flesh and blood,
That our eyes might look on God,
To thy Name all glory be,
In the everlasting Trinity,
Now and to eternity.

XXVI.

The Feast of the Circumcision.

"Quid facitis circumcidentes puerum?"—S. Bernard.

Oh, wherefore bring ye here this Holy Child?
Such rite befits the sinful, not the clean;
Why should this tender infant undefiled
Be thus espoused in blood [1], while we have been
So gently into covenant beguiled?
No keen-edged knife our bleeding foreheads scored
With the sharp cross of our betrothèd Lord:
But we belike in quiet wonder smiled,
While on our brow the Priest, with finger cold,
Traced with the hallow'd drops the saving sign;
Whilst Thou, unsparing of Thy tears, the old
And sterner ritual on Thyself didst take,—
Meet opening for a life of love like Thine,
Changing the blood to water for our sake.

[1] Sponsus sanguinum, Exod. iv.

XXVII.

HYMN

AT

THE FOOT OF THE CROSS.

Hymnus S. Bernardi.

[Two Latin hymns, with several omissions, are here blended into one.]

Salve Jesu, rex sanctorum,
Spes votiva peccatorum,
Crucis ligno tanquam reus,
Pendens homo, verus Deus,
Caducis nutans genibus.

O quam pauper! O quam nudus!
Qualis est in Cruce ludus [:]
Derisorum [jocus [1]] factus,
Sponte tamen, non coactus,
Attritus membris omnibus.

Sanguis tuus abundanter
Fusus fluit incessanter;
Totus lotus in cruore
Stas in maximo dolore,
Præcinctus vili tegmine!

[1] Totus. Ed. Ben.

Hymn at the foot of the Cross.

From St. Bernard.

Jesu, king of saints, whose name
Is the sinful suppliant's claim,
Very God, I gaze on Thee,
Knees adroop upon the tree
Stretch'd like a criminal:

O how stricken! O how bare!
What a mockery is there!
Made the scorn of every scoffer,
Yet Thyself didst freely offer
To bear that crushing thrall.

Fast and faster without stay
Flows the gushing blood alway;
Wash'd in that red stream all over,
While one poor vest Thy limbs did cover,
Thou stand'st in mighty pain.

O Majestas infinita !
O egestas inaudita !
Quis pro tanta charitate
Quærit Te in veritate,
Dans sanguinem pro sanguine ?

Clavos pedum, plagas duras,
Et tam graves impressuras,
Circumplector cum affectu,
Tuo pavens in aspectu,
Tuorum memor vulnerum.

Grates tantæ charitati
Nos agamus vulnerati,
O amator peccatorum,
Reparator confractorum,
O dulcis Pater pauperum.

Quicquid est in me confractum,
Dissipatum aut distractum,
Dulcis Jesu, totum sana,
Tu restaura, Tu complana,
Jam pio medicamine.

O Thou Majesty Divine!
Was ever poverty like Thine!
Who for such surpassing love,
Yielding blood for blood, will prove
True follower in Thy train?

Print of nails, and stripe of lashes,
And those cruel bleeding gashes,
I embrace, in wonder gazing
On that vision most amazing
Of what Thou didst endure.

Sharing now Thy wounds I pray Thee,
Let me love for love repay Thee,
Thou whose soul for sinners smarted,
Healer of the broken-hearted,
Kind Father of the poor.

What in me is wounded, broken,
What doth sore disease betoken,
Sweetest Saviour, make it whole,
Thou restore me, heal my soul
With medicine divine.

Ac si præsens sis accedo,
Imo Te præsentem credo:
Me sanatis hic, ut spero;
Sana me, et salvus ero,
In Tuo lavans sanguine.

Plagas tuas rubicundas
Et fixuras tam profundas
Cordi meo fac inscribi,
Ut configar totus Tibi,
Te modis amans omnibus.

Dulcis Jesu, pie Deus,
Ad Te clamo, licet reus:
Præbe mihi Te benignum,
Ne repellas me indignum
De Tuis sanctis pedibus.

Coram cruce procumbentem,
Hosque pedes complectentem,
Jesu bone, non me spernas,
Sed de cruce sancta cernas
Compassionis gratia.

I draw near, as Thou wert by me,
Yea, I do believe Thee nigh me:
Heal me, Thou my hope hast been;
Cleanse me, and I shall be clean,
When wash'd in blood of Thine.

On my heart each stripe be written
Wherewith Thou for me wert smitten,
Each deep wound, that I may be
Wholly crucified with Thee,
And loving Thee alway.

Gracious Jesu, Lord most dear,
Guilty though I am, give ear:
Show Thine own sweet clemency;
Spurn me not, though vile I be
From Thy blest feet away.

Here before Thee fallen, weeping
And with tears these torn feet steeping,
Jesu, for Thy mercy's sake
Pity on my misery take,
And one kind look let fall.

In hac cruce, stans directe,
Vide me, O mî Dilecte ;
Ad Te totum me converte ;
" Esto sanus," dic aperte,
" Dimitto tibi omnia."

From the cross, uplifted high,
My Beloved, cast Thine eye;
Turn me to Thee, heart and soul;
Speak the word of power, "Be whole,
I have forgiven thee all."

XXVIII.

The Restoration.

May 29.

Charles, I could weep to think of thee to-day!
Who, when a nation at thy feet outpour'd
Its glad devotion like a boundless hoard,
Couldst squander all the sacred gift away;
All that so long this widow'd land had stored
Up in her heart, till she to thee might pay
The love which, faithful to her martyr'd lord,
She let none touch beside. O! lost one, say
Did ne'er thine heart upbraid thee with the shout
That England's long-pent loyalty sent out,
When young and stainless yet, on Dover strand,
With all thy famous nobles at thy side,
Ormonde and Digby, Cottington and Hyde,
She saw thee back from exile step to land?

XXIX.

The Soul's Vestments.

The soul of man doth in a palace dwell,
Like to some fabled Nereid, undiscern'd,
Save in the wondrous many-colour'd shell
That she hath form'd around her, whence is learn'd
From the fair shape and fashion of her cell
Somewhat of its unseen inhabitant.
She is a mute that cannot speak her want,
But makes the world her loom, wherein to tell
In speaking tapestry how her heart hath yearn'd
To make her being's mystery visible.
She stands before us seen and yet conceal'd
In various vests, in language and the frame
Of outward flesh still changing still the same ;
Like God beneath Creation's veil reveal'd.

XXX.

Freshwater.

Men little know how many a heavy thought
And anxious grief the village pastor meets,
Which he whose lot is cast 'mid crowded streets
And cities knows not:—Every deed miswrought,
Each heartless word, with sad announcement fraught
Of fruitless toil, and kindness coldly took,
Are all too faithfully before him brought.—
So have I seen beside a shallow brook
An eager boy stand angling all the day,
When the clear waters to his view betray
Each fish that comes slow-gliding towards the hook;
And now his heart beats quick, his eyes are gay
With hope, till soon, with disappointed look,
He sees his prize turn off and dart away.

September 5th, 1840.

XXXI.

"I prayed to God to avenge me of death."
ED. IRVING.

O DEATH! thou keen, insulting enemy;
Here kneeling lonely in this desolate room,
I have prayed sore to be avenged of thee
For this thy cruel deed; and from the gloom
Of the dark entrance-chamber of the tomb
Now go I forth once more, from this sharp hour,
To fight against thee, battling manfully
With that fell Prince who gives thee all thy power;
And mighty is the arm that strengthens me.
Yet should I falter, and in conflict cower,
To hide my bleeding heart, O! then the thought
Of that sweet victim ravish'd from my side,
And Him who to redeem thy captives died,
Shall nerve my soul to combat as I ought.

Wednesday evening,
March 17, 1841.
The day on which Mrs. W. was buried at Lavington.
To Archdeacon W.

XXXII.

To — — —.

I.

I know thou wilt never
Reproach me, my love.
When I meet thee for ever,
In that far land above;
Not a word of reproof,
Not a glance from thine eye,
Shall tell I have cost thee
A tear or a sigh.

II.

I know thou forgivest
My rash-broken vow.
Thou canst see, where thou livest,
My bitter grief now:
But O, shall I in heaven,
When thou lookest on me,
Of myself be forgiven,
As I now am of Thee?

XXXIII.

HYMNS TOWARDS A HOLY WEEK.

Second Day.

I.

This world I deem
But a beautiful dream
Of shadows that are not what they seem,
Where visions rise,
Giving dim surmise
Of the things that shall meet our waking eyes.

II.

Arm of the Lord!
Creating Word!
Whose glory the silent skies record,
Where stands thy name
In scrolls of flame,
On the firmament's high-shadowing frame!

III.

I gaze o'er head,
Where thy hand hath spread
For the waters of heaven that crystal bed,
And stored the dew
In its deeps of blue,
Which the fires of the sun come temper'd through.

IV.

Soft they shine
Through that pure shrine,
As beneath the veil of thy Flesh divine
Beams forth the light,
That were else too bright
For the feebleness of a sinner's sight.

V.

And such I deem
This world will seem
When we waken from life's mysterious dream,
And burst the shell
Where our spirits dwell
In their wondrous antenatal cell.

VI.

I gaze aloof
On the tissued roof,
Where time and space are the warp and woof,
Which the King of Kings
As a curtain flings
O'er the dreadfulness of eternal things—

VII.

A tapestried tent,
To shade us meant
From the bare everlasting firmament;
Where the blaze of the skies
Comes soft to our eyes,
Through a veil of mystical imageries.

VIII.

But could I see,
As in truth they be,
The glories of heaven that encompass me,
I should lightly hold
The tissued fold
Of that marvellous curtain of blue and gold.

IX.

Soon the whole,
Like a parched scroll,
Shall before my amazed sight uproll,
And without a screen
At one burst be seen
The Presence wherein I have ever been.

X.

O ! who shall bear
The blinding glare
Of the Majesty that shall meet us there ?
What eye may gaze
On the unveil'd blaze,
Of the light-girdled throne of the Ancient of days ?
Christ us aid !
Himself be our shade,
That in that dread day we be not dismay'd !

Third Day.

I.

Thou spakest; and the waters roll'd
Back from the earth away,
They fled by Thy strong voice controll'd,
Till Thou didst bid them stay:
Then did that rushing mighty ocean
Like a tame creature cease its motion,
Nor dared to pass where'er Thy hand
Had fix'd its bound of slender sand.

II.

And freshly risen from out the deep
The land lay tranquil now,
Like a new-christen'd child asleep
With the dew upon its brow:
As when in after-time the Earth
Rose from her second watery birth,
In pure baptismal garments drest,
And calmly waiting to be blest.

III.

Again Thou spakest, Lord of Power,
And straight the land was seen
All clad with tree and herb and flower,
A robe of lustrous green :
Like souls wherein the hidden strength
Of their new-birth is waked at length,
When robed in holiness they tell
What might did in those waters dwell.

IV.

And still within this earth resides
A hidden power divine,
And waiting for the hour she bides
Till Thou shalt give the sign :
Then sudden into light shall burst
A flush of glory like at first,
And this dark world around us lie
Array'd in immortality.

V.

Lord, o'er the waters of my soul
The word of power be said;
Its thoughts and passions bid Thou roll
Each in its channell'd bed;
Till that in peaceful order flowing,
They time their glad obedient going
To Thy commands, whose voice to-day
Bade the tumultuous floods obey.

VI.

For restless as the moaning sea,
The wild and wayward will
From side to side is wearily
Changing and tossing still;
But sway'd by Thee, 'tis like the river
That down its green banks flows for ever,
And calm and constant tells to all
The blessedness of such sweet thrall.

VII.

Then in my heart, Spirit of Might,
Awake the life within,
And bid a spring-tide calm and bright
Of holiness begin :
So let it lie with Heaven's grace
Full shining on its quiet face,
Like the young Earth in peace profound
Amid th' assuagèd waters round.

Fourth Day.

I.

As yet the darkness and the day
Sphered in their separate dwelling lay,
But for the thrones of eve and morn
The kings of light were yet unborn.

II.

Then spake the Word of the Most High,
And straight the solitude of sky
Was peopled with the glimmering powers
That sway the seasons, years, and hours;

III.

And sun and moon, the signal given,
Arose and took their seat in heaven,
High o'er the earth, to yield it light,
And rule the day-time and the night.

IV.

And far and near, in files of flame,
The stars from out the darkness came,
God's host, in mystic ranks and signs
Marshalling their far-off beaconing lines.

V.

In silent order each bright band
Bows to a secret high command,
On separate pauseless mission sent
For witness, guide, and government.

VI.

To heaven above, to earth below,
The ordaining word of power doth go ;
And kings and priests, O Lord, from Thee
Take their appointed ministry.

VII.

Their lamps of clay Thy hand hath lit,
Each for its different station fit,
A globe of light, a trinkling spark,
To rule the day or cheer the dark.

VIII.

And Thou for each an orb hast traced,
Where we without or halt or haste
May move in order calm and true,
As the sky's white-robed pilgrims do.

IX.

O happy are the souls that stay
In such harmonious course alway,
And like the patient stars are found
Walking each day their quiet round!

X.

Deem not when on the heavens ye gaze
And see the midnight all ablaze
That we midst those bright strangers are
An idle solitary star.

XI.

Each soul, the living and the dead,
The very earth whereon we tread,
Is bound by mightiest, holiest ties
With all creation's destinies.

XII.

The Christ of God, who dwells on high
In splendour of the Deity,
Did take, O Earth, from dust of thine,
That sacred Form, that Flesh Divine.

XIII.

For this Thou ever shalt remain
Link'd into life's eternal chain,
The fine cleansed altar, where the curse
Was taken from the universe ;

XIV.

The Temple, from whose quires shall ring
Those harps the lost ones used to string,
Whose silent notes have marr'd so long
The music of the angels' song.

Fifth Day.

I.

O'er the void and formless earth
In darkness lay the deep,
When came the Eternal Spirit forth
And stirr'd its silent sleep :
He moved amid the unshapen gloom,
And through the mighty waters' womb
The thrill of life did creep.

II.

Yet no sign of change it gave
Till God the bidding spoke ;
Then straight within the heaving wave
The hidden power awoke ;
And ocean teem'd with living things,
And heaven was swept with myriad wings
That from the waters broke.

III.

Blessèd creatures, first on you
The benediction came,
Which still on souls all bright with dew,
Celestial rests the same,
That of baptismal waters born,
The benison of this fifth morn,
By holy birth-right claim.

IV.

From that mystic deep arisen,
Up, Christian Spirit, fly,
As rose from out their watery prison
The creatures of the sky;
On this his rising-day prepare
To meet thy Saviour in the air,
And seek thy home on high!

V.

He into the heavens is gone;
And should'st thou here below
Round old delights be lingering on,
Thou canst not yet forego?

O child of an immortal birth,
Inheritor of more than earth,
Thy better portion know.

VI.

Here awhile contented be
In quietness to glide,
Like the mute creatures of the sea,
On through the opposing tide;
Move upward still, though fast and strong
The world's dark waters foam along
The torrent of their pride:

VII.

Through the stream, 'twixt earth and heaven,
Thy steady course be bent;
While day by day shall strength be given
To stem its swift descent:
And think that still with wings of love
The Eternal Spirit broods above
The troublous element.

Sixth Day.

I.

Last of creation's days;
Last of the days of woe
Which He, to whom be endless praise,
Endured for us below.
Most sad, most sacred time,
Now let me watch and pray,
And muse upon thy theme sublime,
Thou wondrous day.

II.

To-day from Adam's side
Our mother Eve was made,
His beautiful and virgin bride
While he in sleep was laid:
To-day from Jesus' side
The Church his spouse arose,
Her life receiving from the tide
That as He slumbers flows.

The water and the blood,
That still, as first, flow on,
When 'neath the Cross recording stood
Thyself, Saint John.

Seventh Day [1].

I.

Sabbath of the saints of old,
Day of mysteries manifold,
By the great Creator blest,
Type of His eternal rest;
I with thoughts of Thee would seek
To sanctify the closing week.

II.

Resting from His work, the Lord
Spake to-day the hallowing word;

[1] "Christus est magnum illud Sabbatum et perpetuum, cujus figura erat parvum Sabbatum, quod inserviebat usque ad ipsius adventum."—Epiphan. Hæres. 30.

"Veniens autem Dominus noster, Sabbatum nostrum et requies nostra, attulit nobis requiem Sabbati sui."—Origen, in Matth. Tract. 29. p. 164.

"En tibi Christum,
Infelix Judæa, Deum, qui Sabbata solvens
Terræ, mortales æterna in Sabbata sumpsit."
Prudentius, in Apotheosi.

And, His wondrous labours done,
Now the everlasting Son
Gave to heaven and earth the sign
Of a wonder more divine :

III.

Resting from His work, to-day
In the tomb the Saviour lay,
His sacred form from head to feet
Swathèd in the winding-sheet,
Lying in the rock alone
Hid behind the sealèd stone.

IV.

All that seventh day long, I ween,
Mournful watch'd the Magdalene,
Rising early, resting late,
By the sepulchre to wait,
In the holy garden glade
Where her buried Lord was laid.

v.

So as closed the Sabbath night
In Goshen watch'd the Israelite,
Staff in hand, in pilgrim guise,
By the slaughter'd sacrifice,
Waiting till the midnight cry
Signal gave that God was nigh:

vi.

So with Thee till life shall end
I would solemn vigil spend;
Let me hew Thee, Lord, a shrine
In this rocky heart of mine,
Where in pure embalmed cell
None but Thou mayst ever dwell.

vii.

Myrrh and spices I will bring,
My poor affection's offering,
Close the door from sight and sound
Of the busy world around,
And in patient watch remain
Till my Lord appear again.

VIII.

Still with Thee their Sabbath keep
They who 'neath the altar sleep;
Scarce a day perchance doth seem
The time of their unbodied dream,
'Twixt their rest from labours past
And their waking at the last.

IX.

Then the new creation done,
Shall be Thy endless rest begun:
Jesu, keep me safe from sin,
That I with them may enter in,
And, danger past and toil at end,
To thy resting-place ascend.

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